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SERMON XVIII.

BY WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D.,

MINISTER OF THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CONGREGATION, ALBANY.

FUNERAL DISCOURSE OF REV. DANIEL WALDO.

"AND all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years: and he died."—GENESIS 5: 27.

NOTWITHSTANDING the individual here referred to lived longer than any other inhabitant of this world has ever done, his life occupying about one sixth of the whole period since the creation, all that we know concerning him is comprised in two or three sentences. He was born in the year of the world six hundred and eighty-seven, and was the son of Enoch, one of the brightest stars that appeared in all the patriarchal ages. In the year eight hundred and seventy-four was born to him Lamech, to whom belongs the dishonorable distinction of being the originator of polygamy. In the year sixteen hundred and fifty-six he died, at the wonderful age of nine hundred and sixty-nine years. Thus endeth the record concerning him. What was his occupation or character, or what the details of the history of his life, we have no data from which to form even a conjecture. The death of Methuselah occurred the same year with the general deluge;

and as the name is compounded of two Hebrew words, one of which signifies *he dies*, and the other, *the sending forth of water*, it has been supposed that it had in it something prophetic of the event to which his death stood in such immediate proximity.

Though Methuselah's age considerably exceeded that of any of his cotemporaries, or of any other man that ever lived, the ordinary period of human life was, during the whole patriarchal dispensation, much longer than it has ever been since. One reason of this, no doubt, was that, as the writing of the history of this period was to be postponed for many centuries, and the materials for it were to be gathered chiefly from tradition, it was desirable, for the sake of authenticity, that the facts to be recorded should have passed through but few hands; for, though Divine inspiration might have secured an infallible record, under any circumstances, yet it is the manner of our God never to interpose a miraculous agency for the accomplishment of his purposes, until all ordinary providential influences are exhausted. From about the time of Moses, human life settled down to nearly its present period of duration, though there are a few cases in which the ordinary limit is considerably transcended. As God does nothing without a purpose, so, no doubt, He has wise ends in lengthening out the life of here and there an individual to an extraordinary age. It will be a legitimate use of the text, as well as in harmony with the spirit of the occasion, to inquire briefly *what some of these ends are*.

I. I remark, in the first place, that cases of extreme old age are fitted to *reproduce and render more impressive the teachings of Divine Providence*.

Though the Providence of God—thanks to the Divine goodness—is not our *only* teacher, yet it is always delivering to us lessons of truth and wisdom; and these lessons will ever be found to be in exact accordance with—I might say a living commentary upon—the more direct and definite teachings of his word. The voice of God is uttering truths, in some form or other, in every event that falls within the range of our experience or observation; and these truths are suited to the different circumstances and wants of our intellectual and moral nature. Providence enlightens and instructs us, bringing home to our very senses the perfections of the Divine nature, and the principles of the Divine government. Providence admonishes and rebukes us, by exhibiting to our view the legitimate tendencies of moral evil, and pointing us away from the path that leads to death. Providence encourages us when we are prone to despond, by surrounding us with examples of the triumph of fortitude and perseverance against the most adverse influences. Providence comforts us in our sorrow, by making one event explanatory of another, and leading us to expect, in regard to our own experience, that, sooner or later, light will shine out of darkness. And while there are these deliverances of Provi-

dence in the ordinary course of things, still more emphatic are they in extraordinary events, which, by presenting human nature in some new phase, well nigh bring the mind of the world to a pause. We may receive these lessons or not, according to our pleasure; but that they are always in the process of being addressed to us, is as certain as that the sun shines and the earth revolves according to God's ordinance.

Now, while we are bound to hear the voice of God, as it speaks to us in current events, so, also, are we to recognize a Divine communication in the past; and we are to study the past, as a means not merely of gratifying an idle curiosity, but of enlarging our views and improving our characters. We may be thankful, indeed, for a well authenticated record of the years or the centuries that have preceded our time; but who does not feel that we get a far more impressive view of great events, from conversing with those who witnessed them, or, perhaps, had an agency in bringing them about? Of the stirring scenes of the Revolution, that gave us our independence—of the battle of Bunker Hill, or Saratoga, or Yorktown, for instance, you can get a correct and definite idea from history; but when you come to converse with one who was a witness and a sharer of the bloody strife, the scene comes up to you with a freshness that makes it seem almost like a present reality. And so in respect to every thing: not only can the men of a bygone age tell us of much which has never been recorded, and which would otherwise be lost to the world, but their testimony throws us back into immediate contact with the times or the events of which they speak, and thus the voice of God comes to us far more directly and impressively than it could through any other medium.

II. In cases of extreme old age, we have an illustration of both *the sovereignty and the goodness of God.*

Yonder is a man who is scarcely in the decline of life when he has filled up his threescore years and ten. He has lived on till he has completed one century; and he is carrying with him, into the second, a mind so bright and a heart so warm and genial that you would say that neither had ever been touched by the frost of age. That man, it may be, stands alone in the community in which he lives; perhaps in traveling a great distance you will not find another, whose birth dates back to so remote a period as his. And wherefore is it that he is the subject of this marked distinction—that though he has seen three generations die, his own time has not come yet? Is it that he was originally constituted with extraordinary physical energy, by which he has been enabled to withstand the shocks of a century? But thousands, who, in their youth, surpassed him in powers of both activity and endurance, have been asleep in their graves so long that scarcely any memorial remains of them. Is it that he has

been a model of carefulness in all his habits of living, that he has kept himself within a healthful atmosphere, and has brought temperance, and cheerfulness, and exercise, and all the other handmaids of health, to his aid? But multitudes have *been* and have *done* all this, and yet half a century has elapsed since they were gathered. The truth is, you can resolve that instance of wonderful longevity into nothing short of the sovereignty of God; the only answer to be given to the question, why he stands as the sole survivor, or as one of a few survivors, of his generation, is, that our times are in God's hand, and that He alone fixes the bound that we can not pass. True, indeed, that life has been preserved through the operation of physical laws, with which we are familiar; but we are to bear in mind that these laws are ordained of God, and are nothing else than the channel through which his almighty power and infinite wisdom display themselves.

But here, also, is a marked expression of the Divine goodness. Be it that the person whom you contemplate has been, during nearly his whole life, an humble disciple of the Lord Jesus, *who* can begin to form an adequate estimate of the amount of blessing of which he has been the subject? If the light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing to the eyes to behold the sun; if the indulgence of the senses, within proper limits, is a legitimate gratification; if friendship, and social life, and the means of intellectual growth are to be reckoned as blessings—then, surely, such a life as that of which I speak, must, in respect even to temporal benefits, prove the exuberance of the Divine goodness. But when we come to consider this long life as a scene of spiritual experience and activity—as a period in which the heart has been all the time growing purer under the united action of the Providence and Word and Spirit of God, in which the life has been becoming increasingly prolific of good deeds, and the immortal crown, reserved as a recompense for them, has been constantly gaining a fresh lustre—can any human language do justice to that gracious agency by which, under such circumstances, the present existence has been so protracted? For though it be true that Heaven is better than earth, that there is more happiness in the reward than in the labors and struggles that have preceded it, yet these labors and struggles form the divinely appointed preparation for the glory that is to follow; and the longer the discipline lasts, and the better it is improved, the richer will be the inheritance that is to succeed. Is not that individual, then, most graciously dealt by, who, instead of being taken to Heaven in his youth, as soon as he has received the impress of the Divine image, is kept back from the full measure of his reward, until, by a long life of vigorous activity, and self-denial, and spiritual culture, he is prepared to join the community of the saved at an advanced stage of purity and joy?

III. I only add, in the third place, that instances of extraordinary longevity, such as we sometimes witness, impressively teach the lesson that *man, in his best state, is altogether vanity.*

As we are accustomed to judge of things by comparison, we naturally enough, in comparing the veteran of a hundred years with the infant in the cradle, become impressed with the idea that life with him is something more than a vapor that appears and then vanishes. But let the man whose earthly existence has actually been thus protracted, testify, and he will tell you that, however long his life may seem to others, to himself it appears as a shadow, a hand's breadth—a dream when one awaketh. Well may he ask, What is the duration of a life like this compared with that of many of the works of men's hands, which still remain firm as the mountains? What, compared with the earth we tread upon and the heavens which overhang and illuminate it? What, compared with this thinking, reasoning principle within me, or with that Almighty Power that sustains and controls creation? In such a light as this, surely the longest life dwindles to a point. Verily, the man who has traveled through his century, is but a creature of yesterday.

But, notwithstanding the period of man's continuance here is, at the longest, so very brief, there is an importance attached to it that outruns the farthest stretch of human thought. For it bears directly upon his whole eternity. Here his thoughts, his affections, his actions, every thing pertaining to his character, receives a decisive and enduring direction. Here are gathered the elements of retribution, which will develop themselves in the joys or the woes of the next world. Here man, according to the influences to which he surrenders himself, becomes moulded into a seraph or a fiend. Let this period of probation, then, whether its limit be nearer or more remote, be sacred to the preparation for an immortal life. Let the passing days and years be so improved that the record, both within and above, shall minister only to our joy. Let the vanity that pertains to our present state quicken our desires and our efforts for that higher, purer, nobler existence, to which, through the grace of the Lord Jesus, it is our privilege to aspire.

The train of thought into which we have now fallen has, I trust, prepared us to contemplate the remarkable life which has just come to a close,—the singularly blameless and elevated character which we are assembled to honor and embalm. But, of course, it is only a general outline of the life, and a rapid glance at the character, that will consist with the necessary brevity of these funeral exercises.

Our lamented venerable friend was born in Windham, Scotland Parish, Connecticut, on the 10th of September, 1762—thirteen years before the commencement of the War that terminated the allegiance of this country to Great Britain. He was the ninth of

thirteen children, eleven of whom lived to become heads of families. His parents were both exemplary professors of religion, and were careful and faithful in the Christian training of their children. His early years were spent, partly in laboring on his father's farm, and partly in attending a district school in the neighborhood. He remained at home till the year 1778, when, at the age of sixteen, he was drafted as a soldier for a month's service, during a time of imminent peril, at New-London. That term having expired, he returned home, but, almost immediately after, enlisted as a volunteer in the service of the State.

He now proceeded to Horse Neck, where he remained for five months, and was then taken prisoner and carried to New-York. He was arrested and captured, not by British soldiers, but by Tories, then known by the epithet of *Cow-boys*. He was standing sentinel on a dark, rainy night, when, owing to the temporary withdrawal of another sentinel from his post, a party came rushing upon him, one of whom snapped his gun, pointed at him, with a manifest intention of taking his life; but, as a good Providence would have it, the gun remained undischarged. Whereupon, Mr. Waldo laid down his own gun, acknowledged himself a prisoner, and as such claimed protection. He sat down in perfect calmness, and witnessed for some time the depredations of the invading party, and then was marched off with some twenty or thirty others to the city of New-York. They reached their destination sometime the next day, and were taken immediately to the far-famed "Sugar-House," then the grand depot for prisoners. Here he found about four hundred men, most of them physically and morally degraded, suffering from stinted and miserable rations, and forming a company in which virtue or even decency could have been little at home. In this dismal abode he was closely confined for two months, except as he was allowed occasionally to go out under a guard. As soon as he regained his liberty by being exchanged, he set out to walk home; but his strength now failed; and his brother, who lived in Sharon, Connecticut, being informed of his condition, met him and took him to his own house, where he remained for some time, and then returned to his paternal abode.

Shortly after his return, he suffered an attack of fever and ague, which, for three or four months, rendered him incapable of any labor; though the disease left him in more vigorous health than he had enjoyed for some time before. On his recovery, he resumed his labors on the farm, and continued them without intermission till he had reached the age of twenty-one. About one year before this, his mind took a decidedly religious turn, in which originated the desire to devote himself to his Redeemer in the ministry of reconciliation. Having, in due time, formed the purpose to do this, he went to Somers, Connecticut, to prosecute his studies preparatory to entering college, under his cousin, the good

and great Dr. Charles Backus. But scarcely had he commenced his studies, when his eyes failed in consequence of excessive application, and he returned home, doubtful whether, after all, he should not be obliged to relinquish his favorite object. Subsequently, however, his eyes recovered, in some degree, their strength, and he returned to Somers, and was fitted for college in the almost incredibly brief period of eight months.

He entered Yale College in 1784, and graduated in 1788. During the last two years of his college course, he occupied the same room with Jeremiah Mason, who afterwards became one of the brightest stars of the legal profession in the United States; and at their graduation they shared together a forensic dispute.

Immediately on leaving college, Mr. Waldo commenced the study of divinity, under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Hart, of Preston, then one of the most distinguished theological teachers in New England. After prosecuting his studies for about a year, he was licensed to preach by the Association of Windham county, then holding its session at Pomfret. His first sermon was preached in South Mansfield; shortly after which he went to Bristol, Connecticut, and preached three months; thence to Cornwall, and preached three months; thence to Torrington, and preached three months; and thence to West Hartford, where he passed some two months, partly as a student, and partly as a guest, in the house of the Rev. Dr. Perkins.

Toward the close of the year 1791, Mr. Waldo accepted an invitation to preach as a candidate at West Suffield, Connecticut, and in due time he was called to become the pastor of that church. Having signified his acceptance of the call, he was ordained and installed there on the 24th of May, 1792.

Though the congregation of which he took charge had been somewhat distracted previous to his settlement among them, they became united under his ministry, and remained so during nearly the whole period of his pastorship. He was privileged to pass through several seasons of special religious interest, which were followed by considerable additions to the communion of the church. Owing to a delinquency on the part of the parish in paying his salary, he became somewhat straitened in his worldly circumstances; and I suppose that it was on this account that, toward the close of his ministry here, he took a mission of six months, for two successive years, under the Connecticut Missionary Society, into Wayne county, Pennsylvania, and the southern counties of New York. This, too, was a principal cause of his resigning his charge, as he did, in 1809; though I think I have heard him say that he was influenced to this partly by the terrible affliction which had overtaken him some time before, in the mental derangement of his wife.

On leaving Suffield he went to Colchester (Westchester Parish), and, for three months supplied the pulpit which had then been

recently vacated by the dismissal of the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, afterward Dr. Ely, of Philadelphia. Thence he went to Salem, distant a few miles from Colchester, where he supplied upwards of six months. Having fulfilled his engagement here, he made a visit to Andover, Massachusetts, and there made the acquaintance of the Rev. Dr. Pearson, whose character he greatly admired, and whose memory he cherished to the last with profound veneration. It was through the influence of that eminent man that he was employed as a supply by the church in Cambridgeport, for one year, in 1810 and 1811; and during his residence here he made many valuable acquaintances, among whom were the President and several of the Professors of Harvard College.

When the year for which he had engaged at Cambridgeport had expired, he went, under the patronage of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, on a three months' mission, more particularly to visit the schools and promote the cause of education, in Rhode Island. After having performed this service, the same Society continued him, for a year, in the same field, in missionary labor of a more general character. Subsequent to this period, until 1820, he was stationed at Greenwich, except for three months in the year, when he was traversing the State. During this time he organized a church in Smithfield, and resuscitated a decayed one at Greenwich, and another at South Kingston. In Greenwich his labors were attended by a considerable revival of religion. There was no period of his ministry to which he oftener referred, or which he seemed to remember with more satisfaction, than the nine years passed in Rhode Island.

In 1820, through the influence of Dr. Pearson, who, meanwhile, had left Andover, and taken up his residence at Harvard, Mr. Waldo was invited to supply the pulpit in the last-mentioned place; and he did supply it—I know not exactly how long, but I believe for several months. During part of this time he was a boarder in Dr. Pearson's family, and in his daily intercourse with him found a source of rich enjoyment and improvement. On leaving Harvard, he returned to Rhode Island for a short time, and then directed his course to Connecticut. While he was making this journey, the uncertainty of his prospects, in connection with his standing domestic trial, occasioned him a temporary depression of mind; but the Saviour's direction to "take no thought for the morrow" came to him with an inspiring influence, and his confidence in his heavenly Father's care was at once renewed, and he went on his way rejoicing. After preaching for a few weeks for his nephew at Griswold, who was temporarily disabled by means of an injury, he was invited to preach in the neighboring parish of Exeter, then vacant; and having served them in this way, without any definite or permanent arrangement, for a year, he received a call, in 1823, to become their pastor, upon a salary

of three hundred dollars. This call he accepted, and he found here, in many respects, a pleasant home. His labors were not only acceptable, but were attended with decisive tokens of spiritual blessing. He continued in this relation for twelve years, and then resigned his charge, because the parish, owing to various causes, had become so much reduced as to be unable to continue even the small salary they had pledged to him.

On leaving Exeter he supplied the pulpit in Hanover, a parish of Lisbon, for about four months, and then transferred his residence to this State, in consequence of the removal hither of one of his sons. Shortly after his arrival here, in 1835, he accepted an invitation to preach for a year at Sodus Ridge; and, having fulfilled that engagement, he returned to Connecticut, and for three or four months supplied the pulpit in Eastbury, a parish of Glastenbury. He then came back to this State, where he ever afterward made his home. For two years he officiated as a supply in Rose Valley, near Clyde; after which he preached three months at Wolcott, Wayne county; then three months at South Butler, in the same county; and at a later period still, was stationed as a missionary for three years at Victory. On the completion of this latter engagement, in 1846, he went to Geddes to live in the family of his son, and remained there till 1856, when they removed to this city, where he has spent the residue of his days. During this period he has supplied different pulpits, sometimes for months in succession; and I believe always to much acceptance. The last pulpit he supplied continuously for any length of time was that at Manlius, and the last sermon he ever preached was at Jordan, since he entered his hundred and second year.

Perhaps the most memorable event in Mr. Waldo's history was his being chosen Chaplain to Congress for the years 1856 and 1857, when he was ninety-four and ninety-five years of age; this honorable position having been secured to him chiefly through the influence of one of the members from this city,* seconded by another member from this neighborhood,† both of whom he held in the highest esteem, and whose kind offices he always delighted to acknowledge. The duties of this important station he discharged to general acceptance; and the opportunities which this appointment secured to him for wide and varied observation, for forming an acquaintance with many illustrious characters, and listening to the congressional debates, in which he recognized the gathering of the cloud which has since been discharging upon us its fiery contents, marked this as perhaps the most interesting epoch of his wonderfully protracted life.

The day that completed his hundredth year came and found him with a degree of vigor of both body and mind that made him

* Hon. A. P. Granger.

† Hon. E. B. Morgan.

one of the wonders of the world. It was impossible that, in a community like this, such an occasion should be overlooked; and hence we heard of the appropriate exercises and grateful offerings by which you signalized it. And we too (I refer especially to my own congregation) were privileged to see the face and hear the voice of the venerable old man on the Sabbath immediately following your own jubilant demonstrations; and I can truly say that his wise and seasonable utterances well rewarded the most fixed and reverent attention. The services of that Sabbath morning we still hold in fresh and grateful remembrance.

Since the period now referred to, Mr. Waldo has, for the most part, enjoyed comfortable health, the only very perceptible change until within a short time having been the gradual failure of his vision. His mind seemed to operate with a freedom little if at all diminished; his affections retained all their generous warmth; and his susceptibility to social enjoyment as well as his power of ministering to the gratification of his friends, were apparently just as they had been in other days. A few weeks since, the startling intelligence went abroad that, by a misstep, as he was leaving his chamber, he had been precipitated partly down a flight of stairs, and had sustained an injury which it was feared imperiled his life. I saw him a few days after this casualty, and when the hopes of his friends concerning him had begun to rise, but the change which had passed upon him was so marked that I could not repress my apprehensions of a fatal issue. Hence, I was not disappointed when I heard of the signs of approaching death; nor when I heard that death had actually done its work; and the calm and trusting and grateful spirit which he breathed in my last interview with him, taken in connection with his long life, which was fragrant with love to God and man, and was one continued expression of faith in the Redeemer, constitute all the evidence that could be desired that his hundred years' training on earth had fitted him for a higher, glorious life, not measured by centuries, but absolutely eternal.

It is proper that I should say something of what Mr. Waldo was, as well as of what he experienced and what he did; and yet, in doing this, I can not forget that I am speaking to those among whom he has long had his home, and many of whom, no doubt, have been in habits of much more frequent intercourse with him than I have myself been. Nevertheless, I am at no loss in respect to any of his characteristics; and however familiar you may be with them, I can not doubt that it will be a grateful exercise of your thoughts to call them up in more impressive remembrance in connection with these funeral solemnities.

Mr. Waldo was eminently favored in his physical constitution. With a vigorous and symmetrical frame, he combined a countenance expressive at once of a thoughtful and well-balanced mind and a benevolent and genial spirit. When I first saw him

(which was in the winter of 1810-11), I was struck with his personal appearance as being much more than ordinarily attractive; and though age could not fail to make its impression upon him, it did little more than throw an air of venerableness around his naturally fine organization. His manners were simple and natural, and betokened at once consideration and kindness.

And all and more than all that was shadowed forth in his exterior assumed a substantial form in his character and life. The cast of his intellect was rather sober than brilliant, rather sure than adventurous. He was at home in the domain of common sense and sound judgment, far more than in the regions of fancy or amidst the subtleties of metaphysics. He had a vein of keen wit, which he used always in a quiet and unostentatious way, sometimes for the amusement of his friends, sometimes for rebuking folly, or impertinence, or vice, and sometimes for silencing an adversary. He had an uncommonly retentive memory—scarcely any thing of importance had ever been deposited in it that did not remain there always. In the annual visits which he has paid me since he passed his ninetieth year, I have been deeply impressed by the fact that books which he had read, and even minute details which had been communicated to him, while he was with me one year, seemed perfectly fresh in his memory the next. A habit which he formed early in life of committing to paper what seemed to him the gems of thought in the various authors he read, was doubtless an important auxiliary to his memory; while it gave him ready command of these accumulated treasures in his ordinary intercourse.

Mr. Waldo was constituted with great equanimity and cheerfulness as well as great kindliness of temper; and these qualities were sanctified and elevated by a living Christianity. In all my intercourse with him, I never saw in him the least sign of depression or discontent. Though he was undergoing a constant baptism in the cloud, from one of the severest domestic calamities, he always spoke of it with an air of calm and trusting, and even cheerful submission. He possessed a spirit of enlarged benevolence—a spirit that delighted in the happiness of all around him, and disposed him to contribute to the happiness of all whom his influence could reach. As to ample pecuniary means, he never possessed them; but, as a large heart is always inventive, he was never at a loss for opportunities of doing good, and was never slow to avail himself of them. He was especially interested in the well-being of the young; he always had a word in season to drop upon the ear of a youth, in whom he recognized any signs of wandering; and no doubt many have been restrained, and many others reclaimed, by his timely counsels and admonitions. He was candid and lenient in his judgment of others, and had no overweening estimate of himself. Those who have seen him on occasions of great public interest, since he has become an object of curiosity

on account of his wonderful age, have remarked the utter absence of every thing like self-glorying, and the kindly and even deferential consideration with which he has demeaned himself toward those who were, by half a century, his juniors.

He was happily constituted to render himself at once attractive and edifying in social life. His well-stored mind, his good humor, often discovering itself in an amusing or a pithy anecdote, his calm and dignified yet winning manner, and his readiness to converse at proper times on subjects of the deepest interest, were sure to render him welcome to every well-disposed and intelligent circle. And I may add, that he was even more distinguished in epistolary correspondence than in conversation—there was a certain pith and point, a naturalness of thought and sententiousness of expression, that gave a charm to his letters that was quite irresistible. He often occupied himself in writing to young men; and if those letters could be collected, I doubt not that they would be found to contain a rare fund of both wit and wisdom.

As a preacher, he was at once interesting and instructive. Without ever troubling himself much with the metaphysics of theology, he embraced the system commonly called evangelical, in its scriptural simplicity, never attempting to be wise above what is written. His sermons, if I mistake not, were more than ordinarily practical, in the sense of having a direct bearing upon the life. They contained much vigorous and well-matured thought, and were written in a correct, terse, and luminous style. His manner was at the greatest remove from any attempt to be eloquent—indeed, he had no patience with any departure from simplicity in the pulpit—but there was a self-possession and dignified earnestness that gave no inconsiderable effect to his utterances and secured the attention of his hearers to the last. A considerable number of his discourses had been rendered so familiar to him by repetition that, after his sight had become so imperfect that he was unable to read his manuscript in the pulpit, he could still deliver himself with great freedom and acceptableness; and if his memory was ever at fault, his ready power of extemporizing prevented all embarrassment.

As a pastor, I do not remember to have ever heard him spoken of; but with so much good sense, and benevolence, and power of adaptation, and devotion to his Master's cause, as he possessed, I can not doubt that he shone peculiarly in that relation. In every place in which he has labored for any considerable time I believe you will find traditions of, if not living witnesses to, the prudence, fidelity, and tenderness with which he demeaned himself toward those of whom he had the spiritual oversight.

Had Mr. Waldo died half a century ago, he would have closed a useful life and left an honored name; but he would not have had that enduring record in the history of the church which his later years have secured to him. That which makes him pre-

eminent among the ministry of the age, is the fact that he has not only much more than tripled the average life of man, but has continued to exercise his ministry during nearly the whole of this period, and at the age of more than a hundred years has been an edifying and acceptable preacher. A few other ministers in this country have lived to complete their century; but if any one has ever reached this age, with intellectual faculties so little impaired, with a heart so warm and genial, with such keen relish for social enjoyment, and such just appreciation of characters and events, and such ability to interest by his public ministrations, I confess the case has never come within my knowledge. It is in this respect that Mr. Waldo stands nearly, if not quite, by himself, in the history of the church.

No man, I venture to say, in this community, or in any community, contemplated the present perilous condition of our country with deeper concern than Father Waldo. By his labors and sufferings he had helped to purchase this goodly inheritance of free institutions; and it was impossible that he should see it thus assailed and imperiled without having his keenest sensibilities called into exercise. He noted carefully every thing pertaining to the progress of the war, and formed an intelligent estimate of the various agencies which had been put in requisition. But he had the fullest confidence that our cause is a righteous one, and that it will ultimately succeed; and in its success he delighted to think would be involved the overthrow of what he regarded the most gigantic of our national evils,—the institution of slavery. The day of our final triumph he did not expect to see—it was enough for him to feel assured that that day would come—and the thought of it made him well nigh jubilant, even though it must have been associated with thoughts of his own grave. It is a coincidence not to be overlooked that the day that witnesses to his funeral solemnities should find here, in the midst of you, two of the heroic dead, who have been brought from the battle-field, on their way to their final resting-places; and that one of these, who has just fallen, should, for the last two days, have been lying in the dwelling nearest to that in which this venerable relic of the Revolution was also lying in his grave-clothes.

In recording the death of this remarkable man, we record the death of the oldest graduate of Yale College; of the oldest minister, so far as is known, in the United States; of one of the very last of those who were actively engaged in the scenes of our Revolution. His death seems to have broken a cord by which the past was bound to the present. There remaineth not another such man to die. Centuries may pass away before the world shall look upon his like again.

And now what remains, my friends, but that we gather up the lessons—lessons of wisdom, of admonition, of comfort, of hope—which this hour so impressively teaches? Let the mourners,

bowed under the loss of a beloved and honored relative; the surviving children, who, though they are themselves advanced in life, have never until now been without the guidance of a father's pure example; especially the granddaughter, who has been for many years as a loving angel about his path, and toward whom his heart was always going forth in grateful acknowledgments and kind expressions—let all who recognize in this event the sundering of any of the ties of kindred, see to it that their sorrow is duly qualified with thankfulness—for who more privileged than themselves, in respect either to the exalted character of a departed friend or the long continuance of his life? Let those of us who bear the same high relation to the church, as ambassadors for Christ, which he held so long, accept with docility the teachings both of his life and of his death; and, by patient continuance in the duties of our calling, get ready to follow him in his upward track. Let those whom age has already brought within sight of the grave, pause in an attitude of earnest inquiry and solemn thought in respect to the scenes which are so quickly to open upon them; and let this survivor of a century speak to them, through the silence of his coffin, of the paramount importance of being girded for the final summons. Let those who have been accustomed to meet this revered man in the more general relations of society; those who have accounted it a privilege sometimes to visit him at his dwelling and listen to his words of wisdom and kindness; those who have been used to see his face, and often hear his voice, amidst the services of the sanctuary; in short, let this entire community, in the midst of which his last years have been spent, bear in mind that they have to account for the privilege of having had not only a prophet but a patriarch among them. May the mantle of Elijah rest upon many Elishas. And while the fathers die, let us be sustained by the reflection that a Greater than they liveth, and is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

SERMON XIX.

BY REV. JAMES HOYT,

PASTOR FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ORANGE, N. J.

THE ANGER OF JESUS.

"AND when he had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, he saith unto the man, Stretch forth thine hand."—MARK 3: 5.

WE have, in some recent discourses, turned our view to the tender side of our Lord's character. To-day we shall view him in some of his severer moods. It is manifestly of the highest import-

ance that we should know him just as he is; for "this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." Our life in Christ depends upon our knowing him in the completeness of his character—a just and discriminating judge, as well as a pitying Redeemer. His moral temper is not all compassion; that would be weakness. He is the "Lion of the tribe of Judah," as well as the "Lamb of God." There is no other such example as he of a man in whom "mercy and truth have met together," and "righteousness and peace have kissed each other," in perfect proportion and harmony,

Our text is, I believe, the only passage in the four histories we have of him, in which any one of the Evangelists has applied to him the term *anger*. It is not, however, the only one in which he exhibits the *feeling* of anger. We see his mind on a number of occasions more or less excited by that which produced displeasure, and called forth rebuke. Toward his friends, not excepting his mother, there was sometimes a tone of severity. To those whom he knew to be enemies, harboring malice, and in all his discourses and acts seeking occasion for complaints against *him*, he at times used severe language. There is a coming day, which will be signalized in the annals of the universe as "the great day of his wrath."

I. I shall first review some of those circumstances and occasions in which the Lord Jesus appears to have had his anger excited.

The occasion of it in the instance here recorded by Mark, was a pertinacious purpose on the part of the Scribes and Pharisees to find in his Sabbath-day miracles a ground of accusation. In lately attending the Passover at Jerusalem, he had, on the Sabbath, healed, by the Pool of Bethesda, a cripple who had borne his infirmity thirty-eight years. The act had been seized upon as a violation of what the Pharisees held to be the sanctity of the day; it being a rule of their casuistry that to *work a cure* was a work disallowed by the Sabbatic law; the only thing allowed was the *alleviation* of distress. When it was known that Jesus had wrought a work of healing, there was talk among them of having him arrested. They would even have inflicted on him the death penalty, as a Sabbath-breaker. Yet they took, at that time, no active measures against him. When the festival was over, and he started with his disciples and others for Galilee, it would seem that the Pharisees sent a deputation along, as a sort of secret detective force, to watch his words and movements still. On the very next Sabbath, as they pursued their journey toward Galilee, another occasion for their censures was furnished by that act of the disciples in the field of grain—an act which their Master would not condemn. Arriving at Capernaum, these Jerusalem spies were still about him. The coming of the Sabbath brought another appeal to his healing power. A man in the synagogue had a

withered hand. Jesus saw it, and he saw likewise that he was watched with reference to it. This had no effect to hold him back. Knowing their thoughts, that they were waiting to see whether he would work such a miracle; knowing that they desired it, not for the benevolent reason that it would relieve an unfortunate man; but for the malicious reason that they could make a crime of the act—he, fearless of their designs, and calmly fixed in his better purpose, said to the man of the withered hand, "Rise up and stand forth in the midst." This being done, he said to the men before him, "I will ask you one thing: Is it lawful on the Sabbath days to do good, or to do evil? to save life or to destroy it?" *He* was acting the part of a Saviour; they, by their opposition, were acting the part of destroyers. Convicted by his questioning, they made no reply, but silently nourished their malevolent purpose. Our Lord, grieved by their hardness of heart, and showing indignation in his looks, bade the unfortunate cripple stretch forth his hand, which was immediately done.

This incident belongs to about the middle of his public life. It was just after his second passover, and before his calling of the twelve. I pass some other occasions, to notice how, two years later, while spending the passover week—the last week of his life—about the Temple, his spirit was again stirred up, and still more profoundly, by the evil purposes and dark hypocrisy of his enemies.

On the second day of the week, he entered Jerusalem from Bethany, amid the acclamations of the multitude. Approaching the Temple, he was greeted with the hosannas of the children, who were quick to echo the popular shouts they heard. On the same day, as they were brought to him, he healed a number of persons, blind and lame.

The next day, in walking in from Bethany in the morning, he first let fall those significant words, under which a fruitless fig-tree was withered. This betokened what he was about to say and do in his deeper displeasure toward worse offenders. Entering those courts of the Temple which were occupied by the money-changers, he not only complained of their having been converted into a den of thieves, but he used a whip, from which the astonished brokers fled. This was a high-handed measure, and it was a high hand that made use of it. The chief priests and members of the Sanhedrim, of course, regarded it as an outrage; and on the following day, as he taught the people, they boldly challenged the authority by which he did these things. Their questions brought him face to face with the authority which was represented in them; and during this, the fourth day of the week, we see him standing before them as one who knew himself their master, while preparing himself and them for the last act of their revenge.

He asked them about the baptism of John, whether it was from Heaven or from men; implying that if Heaven had approved that,

it had approved him. He told them the story of the two sons, of whom the one said, "I go, sir," and went not—a story whose moral they had no trouble to discern. He followed that with the parable of the wicked husbandmen, beating and killing their lord's servants, and at last his son. Then came the parable of the marriage, which they that were first bidden would not attend. Each illustration added something to the exasperated feeling of the men whose conduct and characters he was laying bare. Each helped them to forget their animosities toward one another, and to turn upon him the whole force of their combined resentments. With a harmony of malicious plan, each party tried its skill in turn to entangle him in the snares of the law. Pharisees and Herodians made common cause in the contest. With bland compliment, and professions of faith in him as a teacher of the way of God in truth, they did their best to draw from him the word that should prove him disloyal to Cæsar, or friendly to Cæsar, they cared not which. If disloyal, the Herodians would report him to the Roman authorities. If friendly, the Pharisees would catch at that, and report him to the Jews as one who would fasten the Roman yoke upon their neck instead of breaking it. The Sadducees, for their part, tried him with the resurrection puzzle. He penetrated every plot. He slipped through all their snares. He answered questions, and proposed questions, till they gave up the contest. Then he turned upon them as a lion roused by their assaults. First, he rebuked them indirectly by his cautions to the people. "Beware," said he, "of the Scribes, which love to go in long clothing, and love salutations in the market-places, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and the uppermost rooms at feasts. . . . The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat: all therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works; for they say and do not. For they bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers." Then, making a more direct charge, he turned his address to the men whose hypocritical robes he was rending. It was the last sermon they would hear from him. It was the last he would preach before pouring out his saddest tears, and then his blood, for an incorrigible nation. Now he overwhelmed them with the terribleness of his words. He called them hypocrites. He called them fools. He called them blind. He called them serpents and vipers. He called them children of hell. He told them plainly that their prayers were sheer pretence. He charged them with the cupidity that devoured widows' houses. He held them up as the worthy sons of those who had shed the blood of the prophets. He declared that they would neither come into the kingdom of God nor suffer others to come in. He compared them to whited sepulchres, in appearance fair and clean, but full of all corruption inwardly. He repeated, at

the head of each new charge, the phrase, "Woe unto you!" And, telling them finally what they were about to do, and bidding them go on and fill up the measure of their guilt, he solemnly and mournfully uttered his farewell, saying, as he closed the interview, and was about to retire, "Ye shall not see me henceforth till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

In walking away from the Temple, he called the attention of the disciples to its massive stones and beauty, so soon to become a ruin. And on his way to Bethany, as he left the scene of the day's excitements to pass one more night under the quiet roof of friendship, he more calmly discoursed to the few that were with him, about the great events and sorrows to come after his death. The sun did not go down upon his wrath.

During this last week at the Temple, and especially on the last day, we see our Lord in a state of intense moral excitement. The anger which at Capernaum had merely shown itself in his looks, here broke out in terms of sharp denunciation. We do not need to be told in this case that feelings of anger had place in his bosom. When the thunders are talking, we know there is lightning in the cloud.

II. We proceed to consider next the qualities of this anger. It is important that we fall into no error with respect to the real nature of the excitement of mind which our Lord experienced. So influential an example as his, on this point especially, needs to be well understood. The supposition of any thing ill-tempered, any thing unreasonable, any thing revengeful and malignant, in his passion, is quite excluded by what the Spirit of truth has said of him, as one "who knew no sin," though "tempted in all points like as we are."

There is a clause in the text, which seems to have been put in for the special purpose of preventing any misconception in so important a matter. "When he had looked round about on them with anger, *being grieved for the hardness of their hearts*, he said unto the man," etc. His anger was grief awakened by what he saw of evil in them. It had no root in *self*. It was not the anger of personal resentment and wounded pride. It was not a hate which would have found its gratification in the heaping of injury or of dishonor upon them. It was a moral emotion excited by its proper cause; the spontaneous and unavoidable displeasure of a holy mind, full of sorrow for the unfortunate, in the presence of minds swayed by prejudice and evil passion, that were plotting against its wisdom, and aiming to counteract the outworkings of its benevolence. Our Lord saw men before him whose natural humanity was swallowed up in the desire of finding some foothold for a judicial proceeding against him. Their only pleasure at seeing a withered hand made whole, was the malicious pleasure of

having something on which to base a charge. They were glad of the miracle, but only for the reason that they could use it as a weapon against the miracle-worker. This insensibility on the one hand to a poor man's affliction, and this malevolent delight on the other, were a double evidence of moral hardness. What a contrast to his own pure compassion! To see such a want of sympathy with misfortune, and with the mercy that sought to remove it, deeply and painfully grieved him.

His anger at Jerusalem was of the same nature. The same hardness of heart there confronted him, except that it had grown harder in its continuance, and had now advanced to the degree of being ready, through treachery and falsehood, to put him to death. Men were there who represented the highest authority and sanctity of the Church of God, but who, in their blind worldliness, had neither the love of God, nor any proper knowledge of God. They prayed, to be seen of men. They made a show of great scrupulousness in paying tithes of insignificant herbs, while he knew them to be under the power of a covetousness that showed no pity to the poor. Their religious zeal, without the elements of faith and charity, had sunk to a low zeal for the dogmas and traditions on which their position and influence in society rested. Their furious proselyting was all to draw men to themselves, not to convert men to the truth. Their opposition to Christ showed a determination to shut out from the church the light which he had come to put into it. Instead of giving their candid attention to his miracles, so full of compassion and power; to his discourses, so full of heavenly instruction; to his life, so conformed to the law of God—they were only hunting occasions against him, and turning all his works and words into the arguments their malice demanded for his destruction. He knew how the Sanhedrim had, for more than two months, since the Feast of Dedication, been determined upon his death; and how that purpose, now ripe for execution, had closed their minds to all the evidences that might have satisfied them of his innocence, and of his divinely-approved mission. And now, as he thought of what they were doing, and of the dreadful guilt they were contracting; as he thought of their moral blindness, rushing on to the greatest of crimes as if they were doing God service; as he thought of himself, so misunderstood, so misrepresented; as he thought of his followers, so soon to be scattered; as he thought of the multitudes who needed the further and fuller light of his ministry, now to be left as sheep without a shepherd—as these and other thoughts pressed upon him, the weight of grief which came with them was insupportable. A holy indignation, blending with profoundest sorrow, overwhelmed him.

We see in the narrative, that his anger had the virtuous characteristic of being transient. It did not rest in his bosom, as did that of his enemies in theirs. On their side anger had become hatred, and wrath was now running to rage. On his side there

was nothing at all of harbored malice, but a momentary gush of deserved indignation, terminating in a gush of grief. Hard upon his withering denunciations, came the sorrowful outburst that spoke his regrets: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings!" This utterance was the speedy interpreter of the spirit which had gone forth in his righteous re-proofs.

A day and a half later, when these waves of sinless passion had rolled by; when the darkness and sorrow of Gethsemane were past; after the midnight betrayal and arrest; after the two trials, consuming the night hours; after he had listened to the false testimony brought against him; after he had borne the insolence of his malignant judges; after he had worn the thorny crown and the robe of mockery; after he had carried the felon's cross till his wearied frame sank under it; after he had felt the cruel nails, and tasted the bitterest gall of human injustice—serene and forgiving amid the sharp agonies of his situation, we hear the all-merciful Jesus interceding for the pardon of the men concerned in his crucifixion.

Such was the man; severe against wrong, yet with no malice toward the wrong-doer. Righteously indignant at those who would arrest his works of mercy; yet ready to make them with others, sharers of his mercy. Condemning sharply the hypocrisy which he saw in men of pretentious sanctity; yet with bowels that yearned for their salvation. With a keener sense than any of us can have of the crime of sending him to the cross; yet with pity in his heart for those who ignorantly lent to it their hands as his executioners. He was one who could "be angry, and sin not;" who could be tender-hearted, and not weak. The Advocate of sinners, he was yet Jesus Christ the Righteous. Meek and lowly in heart, he represented at the same time the majesty of truth and justice. In him, as in no other, were united the elements of character that are symbolized by the lion and the lamb. God in him "was manifest;" who has mercy for thousands of them that love him and keep his commandments, yet will by no means clear the guilty.

III. These views prepare the way for some others.

1. They exhibit the possibility, and also illustrate the nature, of that anger without sin, to which the apostle refers as an exercise of the Christian mind.

There is an anger that is sinful. The world has much of it. Good men not unfrequently exhibit it. The Christians of Ephesus, when Paul wrote his epistle to them, had not so far mastered their old heathenish habits of temper, but they needed on this point some special and oft-repeated admonitions. In the imperfection of their love, and the strength of selfish and disordered passions

yet unconquered, it was to them a fitting exhortation: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." At the same time the apostle intimated to them that there was an anger which was not blameworthy; an anger that would not be set to their account as sin. It might hold its transient place among the moral exercises of their minds without a "giving place to the devil." Nay, there is an anger which one *must* feel, or be in sympathy with wrong.

"Blunted unto goodness is the heart which anger never stirreth—

Is there not a righteous wrath, an anger just and holy,

When Goodness is sitting in the dust, and Wickedness enthroned on Babel?

Thou that condemnest anger, small is thy sympathy with angels;

Thou that hast accounted it for sin, cold is thy communion with Heaven."

The anger thus commended is of the kind exhibited by the Lord Jesus—not easily provoked; not malicious and bitter; not savoring of personal revenge; not so continuing as to harden into hate. Its qualities are drawn from the Spirit of Him—

"Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate."

2. Together with this ethical instruction, the anger of our Lord is instructive to faith, by showing a moral identity between him and the God of the Old Testament. It serves to establish our faith in his divinity; and it serves to prove how entirely the same, and consistent with himself, God is, in his moral dispositions, by whatever method he may come into relations with men, and through whatever medium he may look upon their hypocrisies, and other sins.

The God of the Jews declared himself to be a sin-hater, and "angry with the wicked every day." The God of the Christian is the same God, "manifest in the flesh." The Jesus of the New Testament is set before our faith as the Jehovah of the Old. In "the man Christ Jesus," dwelt "*the fullness of the Godhead.*" It would not be easy to accredit these statements and affirmations, if our Lord, in his intercourse with men, had never once exhibited anger. If, in his pity of their misfortunes and miseries, he had never been moved by their impieties; if out of his lamb-like tenderness there had never come words of indignant reproof; if no gleams like those of Sinai had ever shot forth from his patient, placid bosom—it would be a heavy draft on faith to ask us to believe that there dwelt in his person that awe-inspiring Majesty who dealt so sharply with Israel for disregarding his laws: we should fail to recognize in him the Divinity that smote Egypt; that drowned the army of Pharaoh; that punished the rebellions and murmurings of the wilderness; that made Achan's covetousness a

capital offense; that was so easily moved to jealousy by symptoms of idolatry; whose word in the mouth of the prophets was so often a sharp sword; who sent famine and pestilence and war upon the Jews; and who, by the arm of his righteous providence, has broken in pieces like a potter's vessel so many a nation that would not serve him.

Or, if the miracles of Jesus, so divinely majestic and full of conscious power, should be able to sustain our faith in him as one claiming divinity, we might fall into the error of supposing that God is changeable, and that in taking a human nature he has come to look upon our moral frailties, as it were, with new eyes. I am not sure that we wholly escape this error, even with those facts before us, to which our attention in this discourse is drawn. We look so much at the human side of our Lord's character, and so habitually think of him as *one* in nature and sympathy with *us*, that our *reverence* for him is lowered. Shall we fear that infant on Mary's bosom? Shall we fear that quiet, good-natured boy? Shall we fear a plain, peaceable carpenter of a country village? Shall we fear him who professed, in his first public discourse, to have been anointed to preach the gospel to the poor—sent to heal the broken-hearted—sent to proclaim deliverance to the captives, and the recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised, and to preach the Lord's *year of grace*—and whose beneficent ministry so answered to the terms of this commission? Shall we fear one who took the hardships of life so patiently, and the wrongs of the world so meekly and forgivingly? Shall we fear the sufferer of Gethsemane and Calvary? And if all this be a manifestation of God, have we any thing to fear from *him*? Thus we slide into an error of feeling, if not of faith. With an immutable God in our creed, we lose him in our emotions. The meekness, gentleness, kindness, and patience of Christ, make upon our feeling their impression; while we become well-nigh insensible to the fact that these milder traits were and are united with all the attributes in which God was ever revealed. We part with not a little of the reverence produced by our thoughts of the God of the Old Testament.

The glimpses we get in the gospel of our Lord's severe and just indignation ought to correct this irreverential tendency of the mind. A single flash of the lightning tells of the formidable element that is lodged in the bosom of the cloud; and the few flashes that broke out from his serene bosom against wicked men, whom he had not yet come to judge, should serve to satisfy us, not only that in him dwelt the fullness of the Godhead, but that now, as really as before the incarnation, "our God is a consuming fire." He is a God that changes not.

It is worthy of special note here, that Christ himself, in his last discourse at the Temple, *assumed to be* the one who had held the Jewish nation under their long trial, and who was now holding

them to their accountability. For he said to Jerusalem, "How often would I have gathered thy children together." It was no other than He who had sought through so many centuries, and by the ministry of so many a prophet and priest, to unite them in his covenant. It was He who had, like a shepherd, ruled them, and fed them, and kept them. And now that He was a shepherd disowned, a ruler repudiated, he talked of consequences in the Old Testament style of offended goodness and dishonored sovereignty: "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!" He would come without much delay for the righteous judgment of the nation rejecting him.

3. We may, again, discover in our Lord's anger, a foreshadowing of the wrath that will overwhelm the wicked in the great day of final justice.

There is a time for every purpose. There was a time, "that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared;" when "according to his mercy he saved us;" when he "sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world;" when the motive was pity, and the mission one of mercy. There is a time for this pity to be proclaimed, and for the church to fulfill her mission in carrying through the world the offer of this salvation. There is a day of privilege for all sinners—

"A day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day."

There is also a day appointed of God, when he will "judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained." And when the Son of Man shall sit upon the throne of his glory in a judicial character—when he shall appear for the express purpose of judgment—he has fully authorized the expectation that his justice toward the wicked will be manifested in great severity.

According to his own account of the scene, he will say to those upon his left hand, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." Other inspired representations of the scene give us pictures of dismay, of terror, of wailing, of tribulation and anguish, unequaled by any other description ever written. We have all the terrible imagery of a battle-field on which God is the conqueror, and from which his enemies, routed, scattered, hopeless, fly in all directions in search of sheltering hills, which are nowhere to be found, to hide them from his face. It is to be the *great day of his wrath*, when the cry will be heard: *Who is able to stand?* The descriptions that we have of the joys and triumphs of the redeemed; of the beauty, brightness, and bliss of heaven; of Messiah's grand entry into his kingdom, with banner, and song, and thanksgiving—these descriptions are not more vivid and glorious, than those of the overthrow and despair of the unbelieving are vivid and awful. Can any thing surpass that image of a wine-press, in which the

wicked are the grapes trodden upon in all the "fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God?" But he who treads the wine-press is the once meek and merciful Jesus.

Does it seem to you impossible that so mild a nature can exhibit itself in such severity? Bear the fact in mind, that mild natures, allied to the interests of justice, never fail to be severe executioners when their patience has been carried to the extreme that the case admits, and the sentiment of justice awakes to action. As their very forbearance serves to swell the wrong that is done on the other side, and to inculcate the offender as one who has not only offended against duty, but has continued to offend against mercy—that forbearance must in the end evoke a more aggravated punishment. Bear it also in mind, that men are guilty of the evil they cause in others, and that a train of pernicious influence runs on from every unsanctified life across the future; so that the evil, not only which every sinner has done, but all the mischiefs in the moral system which have been the result of his example, from the time of his death to the day of judgment, will come in to stir the indignation of a Saviour who has worked against that evil, and has sought to prevent it by his very tears and blood. With these facts in mind; and considering how the holiness of the Redeemer flashed out at times, in anger, during his life of love and sorrow; we shall not be tempted to discredit any of the representations the Bible gives of his overwhelming indignation in the last awful day.

4. And so I find in my subject a motive, which I may use with you in this day of his goodness, to constrain you to flee to him for refuge. It has been with the design to save men, that he has revealed so much as he has of the holy anger excited in him by the sins of men. With the same benevolent design do his ministers exhibit to you the just and severe, as well as the merciful and sympathetic, side of his character. You can not know him too well. You *must* know him as he is—JUST, and HAVING SALVATION—to be made savingly wise. "Knowing therefore the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men." We fully believe there is "wrath to come;" and that it will burst, even from the Saviour's tender breast, in a flame that will be to all who obey not the gospel, a fire consuming and unquenchable.

There is now forgiveness with him. Now "the vilest sinner may return." The arms of love, the doors of hope, the negotiations of peace, are open. Should any of you fail to come in through the open doors, and to find rest and peace in his extended arms, you will in a coming day be angry with yourselves. Your indignation, as well as his, will be provoked. Can one forgive his own mistakes, amid such teachings relative to the wisdom of life as we have from the great Prophet of mankind? Can one fail to reproach his own folly, who has never learned enough in life to know how "the goodness of God leadeth to repentance," and on

whose worldly mind through life a Saviour's love has made no effectual impression? If we would not come under this self-reproach, and under the just anger of a God forsaken, and a Saviour unaccepted, let our hearts to-day be open to the truth that may enlighten, to the love that will forgive. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all!

SERMON XX.

BY REV. A. HUNTINGTON CLAPP,

PASTOR OF THE BENEFICENT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE DEFECTION OF DEMAS.

"DEMAS hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is departed unto Thessalonica."—2 TIMOTHY 4: 10 (part).

IN only two other passages of Scripture, and they briefer even than this, do we find mention of Demas. Yet enough is said to give us a key to his character; and he seems better known, and is oftener referred to by way of warning in the writings and speeches of Christian men, than are many whose lives we have more in detail. Each reader combines, with these brief hints, such knowledge as he may have of the times, places, circumstances, in which Demas lived, and so forms for himself some biography of the man.

Let us take openly and avowedly the cause which so many have half-consciously pursued, with the expressed and implied facts concerning Demas, and see what lessons his life and character furnish for our instruction: This, the more recent histories of the life and times of the apostles give us every facility for doing.*

The first that we hear of him is in Paul's Epistle to the Colossians and that to Philemon, both written during the apostle's first imprisonment at Rome, probably in the year of our Lord sixty-two.

In each of these letters, Paul sends Christian salutations from Demas, as among the personal friends who were faithful and serviceable to him in his imprisonment. He is named in the fraternal bond with Mark, Luke the beloved physician, and others whom the apostle takes manifest pleasure in commending as his fellow-laborers, his fellow-helpers in the truth. We do not won-

* See, especially, CONYBARE and HOWSON'S *Life and Epistles of Paul*. Their chronology has been mainly followed in this discourse.

der at Paul's affectionateness of esteem, at a time when friends were few and sorely needed, not merely for his own comfort, but for that which lay far nearer to his heart—the advancement of Christ's infant church.

A year after writing these salutations, and after two years' imprisonment at Rome—an imprisonment, however, which does not prevent such writing and preaching as a man may do with one arm chained to that of a military guard; writing and preaching so effectual, too, as to make converts even in the imperial palace—Paul is acquitted of the false charges urged against him; goes to Macedonia, thence to the province of Asia; thence, perhaps, to Spain; returns to Ephesus and Nicopolis; writes his first pastoral letter to Timothy and that to Titus; and in the spring of the year sixty-eight is again in a Roman prison. But he is not now, as before, in comparative comfort, permitted to see his friends in his hired apartments, and to preach Christ crucified to all who would hear. He is in closest confinement, under imperial guard; if tradition speaks truly, shut in that dark, damp, rock-hewn cell—the Mamertine prison. In the power of his own and his Lord's enemies, practically learning the change for the worse which six years more of despotic power and lust have wrought in Nero's savage heart, he yet finds means to write this last and most touching of all his letters—the second to Timothy. Even amid the raptures of joyful assurance that he shall soon see his Lord, and wear the martyr's crown which he knows is laid up for him, the apostle, forsaken of all his summer friends, longs to see once more his dearly beloved son in the faith, that his own spirit may be cheered by the steadfast courage of his young successor, and that he may personally communicate his last instructions to one on whom such weighty responsibilities have come and are soon to press still more heavily.

Under these circumstances it is, that we hear again of Demas.

“Do thy diligence to come shortly unto me,” Paul says to Timothy, “for Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is departed unto Thessalonica.” He adds: “Crescens has gone to Galatia; Titus, unto Dalmatia; only Luke is with me.” Crescens and Titus had gone, no doubt, in the service of the church, bearing messages for Paul and fulfilling missions from which he was personally debarred.

But not so with Demas. We are not left even to hope that his errand to Thessalonica may have been for the edification of the church in that city, as Timothy had once been sent there by Paul, “to establish them and to comfort them concerning their faith.” He says expressly, “Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world.”

And here is one of the chief lessons for us that this account of Demas teaches.

The love of this present world—what evil it has wrought, is working still! The love of this present world—not only keeping

many a soul from coming to Christ, but alluring back to its sordid pursuits and pleasures not a few who thought that they had for ever renounced them.

The love of this present world—well do the apostles so explicitly and earnestly warn us against it. "Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him; for all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world."

It would be interesting and instructive could we know the specific—as we have here the general—cause of Demas's defection. But we are not told, and can only guess, in which of its many forms this present world presented itself so alluringly as to entice him away from the Christian cause.

It will do us no harm—if we bear in mind that they are only suppositions—to suppose some of the aspects which this tempting principle may have assumed in his case—as it has so often and so fatally in others.

It may have been, **THE DESIRE OF WEALTH**, with its ease and comforts.

Thus, we know, it led away many of Christ's hearers. They had read, and heard in the synagogues, of the Messiah's glorious coming and kingdom, and had learned from the prevalent spirit of the times, to regard it as the restoration of the temporal dominion to Israel—the making "her children princes in all the earth"—princes, not in David's sublime spiritual meaning, but in the low, secular import of the term consonant with their material views of God's word and plan. When they learned the actual truth of the matter, they were wanting.

You remember Christ's rebuke to a company of this sort: "Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles"—proofs of my divine character and mission—"but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled. Labor not for the meat which perisheth; but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you." A very different gift from that which they were seeking!

And when that enthusiast came to him with the voluntary offer: "Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest," how suddenly his ardor cooled at our Saviour's words: "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

Christ's doctrine of self-denial in the use of property—requiring that it be largely devoted to the good of others, and not to self-gratification—was every where one of the most repellent features of his system, driving away many of his nominal adherents. So

it has been ever since. Christianity and avarice never have agreed; they never will. One or the other must yield.

It was when Paul's preaching was seen to interfere with the profits of the silversmiths, and to endanger their craft, that a tumult was stirred up at Ephesus, and thousands were thereby enraged at the apostle, who would have peaceably let him preach against idolatry in the abstract until he died a natural death.

You remember also the disturbance caused at Philippi, by the healing of the damsel possessed with a spirit of divination; the rage that her cure excited in the hearts of her masters, when they could hope for no further gains from exhibiting her to the superstitious and curious.

It was from this same Philippi that Paul and Silas, after having been released from prison, in the year fifty-two, made their way to Thessalonica, where Demas is supposed to have dwelt—a supposition which has in its favor, tradition, and the fact that he went thither on forsaking Paul. Immediately on reaching the city, the apostle entered the synagogue, and for three successive Sabbaths argued with Jews and proselytes out of the Jewish Scriptures, concerning Jesus, the suffering, risen, and glorified Messiah—dwelling specially upon the glories of his kingdom, to be revealed to the faithful at his second coming. The young Demas may have heard these thrilling appeals and arguments, enforced not only by the apostle's natural enthusiasm, but by the evidence of his recent cruel treatment for Christ's sake at Philippi; and in the ardor of awakened conscience, convinced reason, and glowing hope, he may have espoused a cause, which, though now depressed, was very soon, by Christ's personal reëpppearance—according to the prevalent feeling of the Thessalonians—to be lifted from the dust to the throne. He could well adhere to his profession so long as Paul was preaching the new faith here and there with at least partial success, and while nothing seemed to forbid the early realization of his romantic hopes. But it was quite another thing, when, as years rolled by, "the second coming" seemed further off than ever; the persecuting hostility of the government was still more cruelly aroused against this hated sect; and Paul, in his closely guarded dungeon, was awaiting certain martyrdom.

That was a discouraging time for such as were walking by sight. Perhaps, just at this juncture, there came along some old friend from Thessalonica—one of the greatest commercial cities of the time; so favored by position and otherwise that trade seemed always to thrive there—and finding Demas in this downcast mood, made him a very advantageous pecuniary offer, professing to be greatly grieved that such tact and talent for business should be wasted on impracticable schemes. And when Demas thought of the merchant-princes he had known at Thessalonica, their splendid palaces, fine equipages, and slaves, their easy and luxurious living, he said to himself: "Why should I give myself longer to this hopeless en-

terprise? Why follow the fortunes of this enthusiast, so soon to die, like his Master before him, and to leave me alone, friendless and aimless, too old to begin life anew, and counted by my friends as little better than a madman? . . . I may as well go back to Thessalonica, accumulate property, and with that help this cause—if it bids fair ever to succeed—help it far more effectually than I can here."

And so he went, like many another—having loved this present world—and we hear no more of Demas. He escaped the "mortification" of seeing his friend martyred for the truth of Christ, and of being sneered at as a visionary. He doubtless avoided the sufferings of poverty, persecution, and the rest, that made up the experience of Christ's faithful ones. Perhaps he made a fortune, and enjoyed it at his ease. Very likely. What he lost, we shall know hereafter.

Again, it may be that this love of the world, in the mind of Demas, took the form of *DESIRE OF POWER OR STATION*.

Demas may have been something of a politician, in his way. They had a fashion in those days of giving men significant names, and changing them sometimes according to circumstances. Possibly it was so in this case; for Demas is a Greek name, meaning "popular," "the people's man," "a favorer of the masses." Possibly the name was significantly appropriate, indicating a love of popularity, power, and office, that may have characterized him at home, that may have had much to do with his allying himself to Paul as a preacher of Messiah's coming kingdom.

If this was Demas's characteristic, Satan very well knew when to appeal to it; and he would not fail to cause it to return in full power upon the wavering mind of Demas, when Paul, instead of a place next the throne, occupied a dungeon, which he was to exchange only for the block of the executioner. Under the mastery of this newly-revived passion, he may have returned to Thessalonica, to take part in some political movement that promised him promotion. There is the more ground for this supposition, from the fact that Thessalonica was a free city, self-governed as to its internal affairs, having no Roman garrison, the civil and magisterial authority in the hands of the people's assembly. According to contemporaneous history, it was a very "paradise of demagogues." We might infer as much from some of Paul's exhortations in his letters to the Christians there, as to warning the unruly, being no idlers, and the like; as also from the characteristic doings of some of them. You remember the mob of the idle and disorderly which they raised against Paul and Silas; their assault upon the house of Jason, the friend with whom the apostles had been lodging; their dragging Jason himself before the assembly, their charging him and his friends with sedition, their compelling him to give security, and driving Paul and Silas from the city.

Perhaps Demas became a very great man in such a community, a leader of one of the influential "parties" that distracted and cor-

rupted the people by their sophistries, and sacrificed all moral principle for power. Possibly—for such things were sometimes done in days long gone by—possibly, for the sake of promotion, he abjured every principle of freedom, justice, truth and righteousness, which he had learned and maintained as a member of the Christian Church and the companion of an apostle; and when he had “succeeded”—as he and his party called it—he doubted not that his fame would go down to posterity in the Thessalonian public records, as that of a very great and successful public man.

If so, what an instructive fact is it for all that class of men, that one only record of Demas is from the pen of the very man whom he left alone to a martyr's death. He would never have been heard of beyond his own time, but for the nobler man whom he so basely deserted. And has not many a man since sold himself, body and soul, for place and power, of whom the world, a few years after, knows nothing more, nothing better, than we now know of Demas?

Again, it may be that the form in which the love of the world overcame Demas, was **THE DESIRE OF SINFUL PLEASURE.**

Thessalonica was the great commercial emporium of the time and region; and like most such places, ancient or modern, was greatly given to gross forms of luxury and licentiousness. It was scarcely less noted for these vices than was Corinth itself; as appears from various ancient writings, and might well be surmised from the earnest exhortations of the apostle, especially in the fourth chapter of his first letter to the church there.

Perhaps Demas tired of the constant self-control and self-denial that the Christian life required, and thought, with longing desire, of the gay scenes of festivity in which he used to partake; the brilliant assemblies, the captivating music, the song and dance and wine—the society whose looseness of morals was a theme for the satirists of the day and a by-word for ages.

Perhaps as he occasionally met old associates from Thessalonica, instead of occupying the time with spiritual converse, learning the state of the church, and sending messages to edify it, he listened with more interest to what was going on in the gay world there, the new amusements and the like—so fostering a taste which should have been exorcised—till, in some fatal hour, he decided to return to scenes, to which, with high hopes and expectations, he had once bidden what he thought and meant should be an eternal farewell.

Is Demas alone in this?

But we can stay no longer over suppositions, which might be indefinitely extended. These are enough to set our minds on a track which each one may profitably pursue for himself—a path amply lighted by the Word and Spirit of God, by the history of the world and the church—too amply lighted, by the experience of our weak, deceiving hearts.

The practical applications of our theme are obvious.

It affords another illustration of the old truth, that self-reliance is dangerous to the Christian professor; that his only safety is in a vital, and not merely formal, union to Christ and his church; that no length or intimacy of association with the most cultivated Christian society can take the place of unceasing watchfulness and prayer against the reawakenings of old principles of life and conduct, smothered but not dead.

Paul, in this letter, speaks of the defection in a way implying that it was a recent thing. Demas must, therefore, have been in these intimate relations with the apostle for as many as six years—since he wrote to the Colossians and to Philemon. He may, not unlikely, have been several years longer—possibly fifteen or sixteen years, or from the time of Paul's visit to Thessalonica. It would seem certain, therefore, that Demas was not a man of small mind, nor wanting in some worthy traits which commended him to the apostle's favor.

But these did not save him from defection. They will be no more likely to save others. They will save no one of us.

The love of the world and true piety can not dwell together. If we would be surely safe, unassailable by fear of suffering, by the allurements of pleasure, by appeals to self-interest in its thousand forms, let us see to it that the love of the world be not buried under a mass of new thoughts, interests, and purposes, to have some day a sudden resurrection, but cast out utterly, and its place occupied by the incoming, in all its power, of a new affection—supreme love to God.

Very likely you have asked yourselves, in what way Demas's defection began to show itself.

We can not tell. But does it not seem to you probable, that it first appeared in a want of enjoyment of closet duties, and then in irregular attendance on the meetings for social prayer, with which we know those early Christians sustained each other's faith and hope? We find from the record that Paul was not utterly denied, even in his last imprisonment, all intercourse with friends. Luke, the beloved physician, was with him occasionally at least, ministering, no doubt, to the bodily weakness of age, as well as spiritual consolation; Onesiphorus from Asia; Livus, afterward pastor of the church at Rome; Pudens, the son of a senator, and Claudia his bride, the daughter of a British king. These were at least his occasional visitors. Perhaps they all—with others undeterred by fear or shame—were sometimes allowed to visit him together, though the Mamertine prison could hardly have held them otherwise than standing crowded around him. What "meetings for prayer and conference" these must have been then and there!

No doubt he sometimes uttered to these friends, in substance, the sublime thoughts and emotions which he was penning to Timothy. Perhaps some day, filled with the spirit of prophecy, he

stood before them, his face glowing like an angel's in the dim light of the prison, and raising as far as he could that arm whose chain clanked an affecting accompaniment, he said to them: "Jesus Christ hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. . . . I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day. . . . If we suffer, we shall also reign with him. . . . The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal: the Lord knoweth them that are his.

. . . I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." And how tender must have been the look he turned on those loved faces, as he added: "And not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing."

Oh, how much did Demas lose, when Paul said this, and he was absent! Had Thessalonica's wealth, or honors, or gayeties, any thing to compensate for such a loss? To have heard these words from Paul then and there, would have recompensed an age of suffering.

But Demas had forsaken him, having loved this present world.

You ask, instinctively, whether this defection of Demas must be regarded as a final, fatal apostasy.

Of this, no one can speak positively, for these words are the last we hear of him. It certainly seems unlikely that he ever returned to his allegiance; though such return is by no means inconsistent with the possibilities of God's long-forbearing grace.

How happily it would light up the picture, if there only were some such hint as we have here concerning Mark, with whom Demas is honorably coupled in the letter to Philemon—coupled with him here also, but alas! with a character how different from the former!

You remember that on their first missionary journey, Mark, through timidity or indolence, forsook Paul and Barnabas at Pamphylia and returned to Jerusalem; and that when he would have rejoined them on their second journey, Paul would not receive him, and on that account parted angrily from Barnabas.

But Mark's repentance seems to have been real and permanent. Paul speaks commendingly of him, as a helper during his first imprisonment; and now, about to die, he writes to Timothy: "Take Mark and bring him with thee, for he is profitable to me for the ministry."

Once rejected, now penitent and faithful, he is sent for to cheer the apostle's dying hours. But of Mark's helper in the service of the former imprisonment, the last words are: "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world."